He made a blushing citall of himselfe.
And chid his trewant youth with such a grace,
As if he mastred there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly:
There did he pause;but let me tell the world,
If he outliue the enuie of this day,
England did neuer owe so sweete a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonnesse.
Hot. Cooson, I thinke thou art enamored
On his follies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince so wild a libertie:
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a souldiers arme,
That he shall shrinke vnder my courtesie.
Arme, arme with speed, and fellowes, souldiers, friendes,
Better consider what you haue to doe,
That I that haue not well the gift of tongue
Can lift your blood vp with perswasion. *Enter a messenger.*
Mes. My Lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I cannot reade them now.
O, Gentlemen, the time of life is short:
To spend that shortnes basely, were too long,
If life did ride vpon a dials point,
Still ending at the arriuall of an houre,
And if we liue, we liue to tread on kings,
If die, braue death, when princes die with vs.
Now for our consciences, the armes are faire,
When the intent of bearing them is iust. *Enter another.*
Mes. My Lord, prepare, the King comes on apace.
Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For *I* professe not talking, onely this,
Let each man doe his best: and here draw *I* a sword,
Whose temper I intend to staine
With the best blood that I can meet withall,
In the aduenture of this perillous day.
Now esperance Percy, and set on,
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that musicke let vs all embrace,

For

For heauen to earth, some of vs neuer shall
A second time do such a courtesie.
Here they embrace, the trumpets sound, the King enters with his power, alarme to the battell, then enter Douglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.
Blunt What is thy name, that in battell thus thou crossest
What honour dost thou seeke vpon my head?
Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas,
And I do haunt thee in the battell thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a King.
Blunt They tell thee true.
Doug. The Lord of Stafford deare to day hath bought
Thy likenesse, for in stead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
Vnlesse thou yeelde thee as my prisoner.
Blunt I was not borne a yeelder, thou proud Scot:
And thou shalt find a king that will reuenge
Lord Staffords death.
They fight, Douglas kils Blunt, then enter Hotspur.
Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus
I neuer had triumpht ouer a Scot,
Doug. As done, as won: here breathles lyes the king.
Hot. Where? *Doug.* Here.
Hot. This, Douglas? no, *I* know this face full well,
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Semblably furnisht like the king himselfe.
Doug. Ah foole, go with thy soule whither it goes,
A borrowed title hast thou bought too deare.
Why didst thou tell me, that thou wert a king?
Hot. The king hath many marching in his coates.
Doug. Now by my sword, I will kill all his coates:
Ile murther all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Vntill *I* meete the King. *Hot.* Vp, and away,
Our souldiours stand full fairely for the day.
Alarme, Enter Falstaffe solus.
Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at London, I feare
shot here, here's no scoring but vpon the pate. Soft, who are
sir Walter Blunt, ther's honor for you, here's no vanity: I a